

Good Morning

\$25

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

GOOD

AFTERNOON!

GOOD NIGHT!

IF BOBBY

HASN'T CLEANED

HIS TEETH

WITHOUT BEING

TOLD! HE MUST

KNOW IT'S

SUNDAY



You may think you're Sherlock Holmes, but you still won't

Solve These Mysteries

By MARTIN THORNHILL

THERE is curiosity in the make-up of most of us. Most of us, too, like to form our own theories as to the "reason of things" and lay the ghosts if we can. Can you solve the following:—

Uncanny mystery surrounds some of our woodlands. Crossing Dartmoor, halt awhile at the inn and group of houses called Two Bridges, and walk over the Moor to Wistman's Wood, where tradition affirms that Druids practised their bloody rites. This may well be true; few woodlands are more eerie than this one. Rooted literally in the granite boulders is a grove of stunted, moss-grown oaks of grotesque shapes.

None are more than ten feet high, and there are no saplings to be seen. But how has this ghostly forest of dwarf oaks managed to survive at all, without any soil?

Near Great Meols, on the Wirral Peninsula, is the mysterious submarine forest, known locally as "Meol's Stocks." Strange finds have been made among the gaunt, branchless tree stumps, standing far out in the Irish Sea, and wholly visible at low tide.

BEFORE NOAH?

Their age and origin are unknown, but it is thought they may once have been part of a huge forest of oak and fir, stretching the whole length of the Cheshire and Lancashire coasts and for miles inland.

Another theory is that they

have been there since the Flood. Be that as it may, the only other mystery-laden wonder which equals them seems to be the Petrified Forest of Arizona.

Officially, only one evidence has been found of the one-time existence, wild, in Britain, of the elephant, lion, bear, hyena and bison. It was in the diminutive parish of Kirkdale, Yorkshire.

In Kirkdale Cave, its first explorer, Buckland, found over 100 years ago the remains of several prehistoric monsters, among them bones belonging to these five modern African and Indian animals.

There is an imposing cromlech near Aylesford, Kent, whose origin and purpose are unknown. Stark on the hillside, this rough stone monument carries one back to the Britain of long ago.

Of theory and supposition there are plenty, but Kits Koty has resisted all attempts to find its true significance.

A more modern, yet even more mysterious, structure is in Umberlade Park, near Birmingham. This mystery obelisk bears no inscription, and

why or by whom it was erected nobody knows.

YOU'RE ALWAYS WRONG.

Near Aylesford, too, are the mystifying "Countless Stones." Every time you count them you get a different total. In fact, mystery shrouds several of Britain's famous Stones.

The famous Bowder Stone, near Grange-in-Borrowdale, has baffled both engineer and scientist by its incredible and sustained feat in balancing.

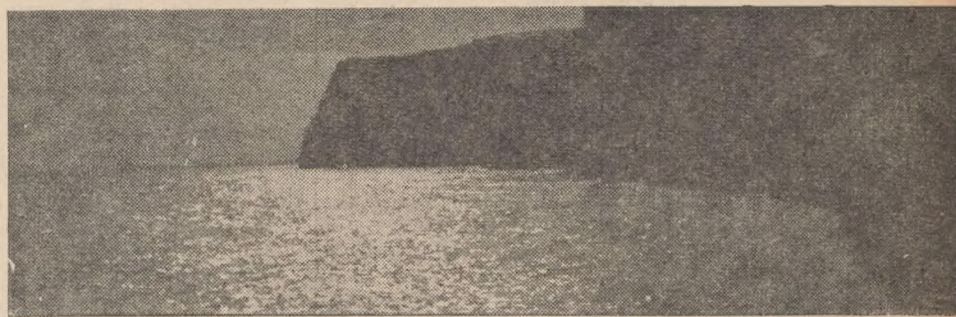
No theory satisfactorily explains Boroughbridge's mysterious array of tall rock columns, appropriately dubbed "The Devil's Arrows"; nor is the origin of Bowerman's Nose, a weird stone erection on Dartmoor, confirmed either by science or history.

Most counties boast a "prettiest village." It would be hard to find one to beat Goathland, Yorks, which, however, also harbours an abiding mystery.

It's on Howe Moor, in the shape of the "Killing Pits." Vaguely conjectured to be the remains of ancient earth dwellings, ironstone workings or clay quarries, these 175 mystery holes have completely outwitted both historian and geologist to this day.



Beneath The Surface



ANY Robert W. Service fans aboard?

Is "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" still as popular in the Services in this war as it was in the last? Gosh, I think I heard it in every reserve line barn during my stay in France, in every hospital and camp and "get together, boys" in Malta, "Alec," and way up in the Balkan hills... in fact, from 1914 to 1919 "Dangerous Dan" and his comrades of the Yukon stirred our tired hearts and made us think of hardships other than our own.

And, even now, the "Collected Verse of Robert Service" is my bedtime story to myself, whenever I need a rouser or something to take me out of the smallness of civvy-street.

If any of you chaps are interested to know that he is still alive, and last hit the headlines as a seventy-year-old film actor, working with Marlene Dietrich on a film called "The Spoilers."

Even then he couldn't resist the opportunity of a joke, and, as a stunt, donned his make-up, entered Universal's Yukon saloon on the studio stage and recited his famous "Dan McGrew."

Remember his "Call of the Wild"?

"Have you gazed on naked grandeur where there's nothing else to gaze on, Set-pieces and drop-curtain scenes galore,

Big mountains heaved to Heaven, which the blinding sunsets blazon,

Black canyons where the rapids rip and roar?

Have you swept the visioned

With AL MALE

valley, with the green stream streaking through it, Searched the Vastness for a something you have lost? Have you strung your soul to silence? Then, for God's sake go and do it.

Hear the challenge, learn the lesson, pay the cost."

You know, it's big stuff, isn't it? Super-man stuff.

Infinite vastness, eternal grandeur and almighty awe for those daring enough to seek it... for those who are prepared to pay the price for the illusive yet alluring glimpse.

Reading the lines thrills me, yet leaves me feeling knee-high to a louse and very small fry indeed—sort of guy who hasn't done anything BIG and wonders why.

But Robert Service is a very human sort of fellow, and after leaving the big-time stuff of the Yukon he wandered around, and ultimately settled in Paris, where, in 1914, we find him in his garret room looking over the city bathed in all the beauty of a May morning.

He is enraptured, and says, "I awoke this morning to see the bright sunshine flooding into my garret. No chamber in the palace of a king could have been more fair. How I sang as I dressed! How I lingered over my coffee, savouring every drop! How carefully I packed my pipe! As I look I feel a freshness of vision in my eyes. The simplest things move me to delight."

And immediately he wrote "The Joy of Little Things." Listen to the opening lines:—"I sometimes wonder, after all, Amid this tangled web of fate, If what is great may not be small,

And what is small may not be great.

So, wondering, I go my way. Yet in my heart contentment sings....

Oh, may I ever see, I pray, God's grace and love, in little things."

I like that confession from him. Makes me feel that all the little things I thought mattered in life are really the big things.

But they MUST be—they are from the same eternal source, and sunshine on my grassy patch under a canopy of blue sky is just as genuine as in the vastness of the Yukon; in fact, I can appreciate it more, because I can feel myself part of it without being dwarfed.

All the small goodnesses are part of Infinite Good, anyway... kindness, consideration for others, tenderness—these things which make our burdens lighter, are all big things, too.

They are like rays of sunlight brightening our lives and warming our hearts.

Answer the "call of the wild" if you like.

Go ahead and blaze new trails.

You'll hit across a vastness you never knew, and see God in His majesty, and feel insignificant and isolated.

And when you've convinced yourself that mountains are heartless, as well as grand, that calm, blue seas can turn to lashing furies of dirty grey, and even the sun can be a ruthless, withering fire, I believe you'll line up with Robert W. Service and agree that "in your heart contentment sings," while you see "God's grace and love in little things."

Cheerio and Good Hunting.

—AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER

A Fifteenth Century "Letter from Home" of a very human kind

FROM DAME ELIZABETH BREWS TO HER DAUGHTER'S SUITOR.

To my worshipful Cousin John Paston. Be this bill delivered (etc.).

Cousin, I recommend me unto you. Thanking you heartily for the great cheer ye made me, and all my folks, the last time that I was at Norwich; and ye promised me that ye would never break the matter to Margery unto such time as ye and I were at point. But ye have made her such an Advocate for you that I may never have rest night nor day, for calling and crying upon to bring the said matter to effect, &c.

And Cousin, upon Friday is Saint Valentine's day, and every Bird chooseth him a Mate; and if it like you to come on Thursday at night, and so purvey you, that ye may abide there till Monday,

I trust to God, that ye shall so speak to my husband; and I shall pray, that we shall bring the matter to conclusion, &c.

For, Cousin, "It is but a simple oak,

"That cuts down at the first stroke."

for ye will be reasonable I trust to God, which have you ever in his merciful keeping, &c.

By your Cousin Dame Elizabeth Brews, otherwise shall be called by God's Grace. 14th February, 1477.

[Note: In spite of the opposition of the girl's father, John Paston married the girl.]

SUNDAY FARE There's a SECRET BEHIND EVERY SONG

And Johnson King lets you into a few of them

"It ain't what you do, it's the way that you do it." This is an old, and true, saying, particularly apt so far as popular songs are concerned.

And "The Way That You Do It" (does not appear to follow any particular course so far as writers are concerned. One minute a song writer may be broke; a few hours later, a brainwave having gone his way, he will be on the way to making a fortune.

Take, for instance, one of the latest song-hits, "I'll Never Smile Again." This was written by Ruth Lowe, a 24-year-old pianist—and she meant every word that she wrote.

Ruth, who was working in a music shop as a song-plugger when she met a young musician, married the youngster and they settled down. Then, when they had bought their home, and made other plans for the future, her husband died.

DID SHE SMILE?

Ruth Lowe, broken-hearted, began to write little verses about her reactions to the tragedy. One day she sat down and "I'll Never Smile Again" was born. A friend heard her play and sing this song. Instantly he recognised its possibilities, and, after some persuasion, induced Ruth to put it on the market.

In Britain alone it has been very successful on stage and radio. In America thousands of copies of sheet music have been sold, and one recording, by Tommy Dorsey, has passed the 130,000 mark!

Now Ruth Lowe is preparing other songs she hopes will be as successful.

Most people would be very surprised to know where, and how, many of the most popular tunes were written. One famed writer, who specialises in "Southern Songs," enjoys nothing better than climbing into a warm bath and writing his lyrics on sodden paper.

Another musician, with several "winners" among his song output, goes for long walks into the country—and produces some of the very "hottest" tunes as the result of his hikes into the solitude of our countryside!

Billy Merrin, the well-known British band leader, has even been known, when travelling in a motor coach, to write a song, arrange it, and hand it to one of his vocalists, with instructions to learn it quickly.

On more than one occasion, less than three hours after the idea has come to him, Billy, who writes under the name of "Gerry Mason"—remember his famed "Over The Hill" song?—has been trying it out on an audience.

I know of one song writer, whose works have been very successful over the past three years, who got the idea of a song while on guard at an A.A. site! He tried it out on his colleagues. They liked it, and proved good judges. The song has since swept all over the free world.

THE THREE ESSENTIALS.

What makes a song successful? That is a question asked by writers and artists for many years, but luck, presentation and the "mood" of the public, might be termed the three biggest essentials for success.

One of the good old good 'uns, is "There's a Long Long Trail." Sailors appear to like this song as much as any other. Yet, but for an accident, the world might never have heard it.

Many years ago, a traveller for a big London firm of music publishers happened to be passing a music-shop in Cambridge when he heard someone playing a very delightful tune. He entered the shop and discovered a young student from the University, Alonzo Elliott, an American, whose father was one of the richest ranchers in the States, playing away full of enthusiasm.



The music publisher's "rep." said the song was good, and asked Elliott if he would like to have it published. For a moment the student did not answer. He was so surprised. Eventually the publishing firm agreed to put it on to the market if the student agreed to pay the publishing fees. This he did—and made a large fortune out of his first song.

The same thing can be said of Noel Gay, writer of many great hits, but best-known for his "Lambeth Walk." The mood of the public, who wanted something to cheer them up in the dark days just before the outbreak of war, helped the song to gain terrific popularity.

Actually, Noel Gay, for the show "Me and My Girl," wrote another song, which it was hoped would become a great success. To the surprise of Noel, and Lupino Lane, however, it was the "Lambeth Walk" the public liked—and how they liked it!

The way a song is presented means much for its future success. Two of the greatest artistes for helping to put a fortune in the way of song writers are Louis Armstrong, the world's greatest trumpet player, and Bing Crosby, unsurpassed as a singer of popular songs. I say singer, because Crosby is not a crooner, as many suppose. He really is a first-class singing star.

IN A WAIFS' HOME.

The song, "Ain't Misbehavin'" is still a top-notch so far as popularity is concerned—yet Armstrong first sang it many years ago! Having learnt to play a trumpet, and develop his own style of "husky singing" in the Waifs' Home, Louis Armstrong, before trying his luck in New York cabarets, worked in every type of orchestra, from small three-piece outfits to huge orchestras playing music of the highest class.

One evening, a big theatrical producer, about to put on a new Broadway show,

visited a cabaret where Louis was appearing. He was impressed by the little coloured man and signed him up to take part in his show—which opened twenty-four hours later.

Louis Armstrong rose to the occasion. He practised his number, "Ain't Misbehavin'" right through the night and following morning. Neighbours threaten to call the police—but Louis stuck it.

The song became world-famous—and Louis Armstrong's name, whether you like jazz or not, is known in the majority of British and American homes.

And Bing Crosby—what a money-spinner he is for other people, as well as for himself and his family! That ace of song writers, Irving Berlin, who has penned more hits than he can remember, must shake hands with himself whenever Crosby sings an "ancient Berlin number" in a film. Why? There is always a rush for records, and copies of the song.

"Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Easter Parade," "Say It With Music," are but a few of scores of Berlin's earlier efforts that Bing has once again put on to the map of popular fancy.

It is not generally known that we might have seen Bing in earlier films had he not been so keen on driving at high speed. When he was one of the Rhythm Boys, with Paul Whiteman's Band, he was to sing four songs in the film "The King of Jazz." On his way to the studio, however, Bing was arrested and put into jail for speeding.

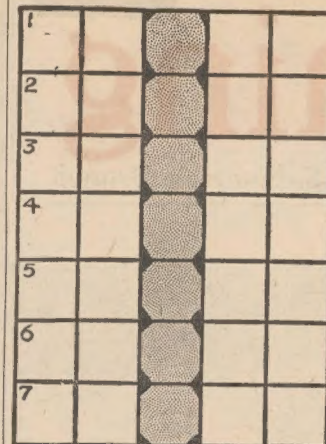
Paul Whiteman, as important scenes were to be filmed that day, did all he could to get Bing from the jailhouse. But he was unsuccessful.

John Boles, you may remember, deputised.

But Bing Crosby was not beaten. To-day, with that other ace songster, Britain's Vera Lynn, he can "Sell A Song" better than any other artiste.

"It ain't what you do—it's the way that you do it."

PUZZLE CORNER



When you have filled in the missing words according to the clues, the centre word down will give you the name of a

country once occupied by the Italians. The clues are as follows: 1, An instrument for bringing a vehicle to a halt. 2, A measure of distance. 3, Where Lama lives. 4, To dye. 5, Narrow Streets. 6, Baby fowl. 7, Costly fruit. And here is the solution to problem in S 24.

| | | | |
|----|----|----|----|
| 12 | 7 | 8 | 20 |
| 13 | 10 | 17 | 9 |
| 6 | 15 | 14 | 16 |
| 19 | 18 | 11 | 5 |

MORE NEWS FROM NOWHERE

By ODO DREW

Our Special Correspondent who was dropped on his head when a child

ANOTHER NEW COMMISSION.

THE Government has just appointed a commission to inquire into the possibilities of increasing the supply of British-made dolls' eyes "within a reasonable period" of the cessation of hostilities. The chairman is Mr. W. E. Gladstone, and members whose names have been so far announced are Lord Simon de Montfort, Miss Florence Nightingale, Mr. "Bill" Shakespeare, Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and Mr. Thomas Copley.

It is expected that Mr. Jack Cade and Mr. Wat Tyler will be appointed shortly to represent the Labour interests.

SCIENCE IN WARTIME?

SCIENCE has made astonishing strides during the present war; and often in directions where progress hitherto has been slow. An outstanding case seems to be the following. A London Sunday newspaper states that such is the demand for beds in the famous Queen Charlotte Hospital in London that they must be booked well in advance. "It is advisable," the matron is reported as saying, "to book up at least eleven months ahead."

ENSA AT SEA.

WE are officially informed that there is no truth in the report (from a neutral source) that the Ensa concert party which made a trip in one

of the new "G" class submarines consisted of disguised artists from the Scala Theatre, Milan. Actually, the name of the submarine mentioned, Ghostly—is not known at the Office of Admiral (S).

It is now thought that the story was an invention of a Spanish journalist and was based on the well-known adventures of the "beautiful Geisha, Hari Kari," on board the Japanese flag-ship Mucki. Hari Kari, it will be remembered, turned out to be Mrs. Molly Muddlewith, of Streatham, who was working for our own M. and B. 693.

A REVOLTING MURDER.

NEW facts can now be given in connection with the recent particularly revolting murder at Polstead, Suffolk, when the body of Miss Maria Marten, a handsome blonde, was discovered in a Red Barn at that place. She had been shot. The poor woman was a distant relative of Mr. Stuart Martin, whose "Unsolved Crimes" are well known to readers of "Good Morning." Mr. Martin was soon on the spot; and added another to the already long list of unsolved crimes. Scotland Yard, however, made an attempt, happily in vain, to pin the murder on to Mr. Martin, in revenge, apparently, for his exposure of the Yard's lamentable record in detection. He says she deserved it. A William Corder was arrested by a local constable.

This Ghost seems to have gone West

IN a room that dates back to 1591, at Stanley Palace, Chester, hundreds of girls serving in various branches of the Forces sit each day drinking coffee or writing letters, unaware of the fact that they are trespassing on the reputed preserves of an old English ghost.

Former home of the Stanleys, noted Lancashire family, the Palace boasts at least two secret passages, and in the chimney of what is now a reading room a bygone refugee from Royalist troops hid for many weeks before finally being captured and beheaded. Its present work is to act as one of the most active hostels for Service people in the country. Each of the 1,600 members have the usual facilities provided by hostels, but in addition the benefits of what are

virtually a university and a nation-wide advice bureau. Sculptors, painters, lawyers, and various other intellectuals form themselves in the winter months into a brains trust for the answering of questions and the giving of advice on practically every conceivable topic.

During the present holiday season letters have reached the hostel from Service men and women in all parts of the British Isles, asking for accommodation to be arranged for them, often in remote places where they desire to spend a leave. Many of the letters and the strangest requests come from Americans, Poles and other nationals now stationed in England.

But so far no one has asked to be allowed to meet the ghost whose quarters have become a coffee-room for girls.

SHIP'S CAT'S KITTY

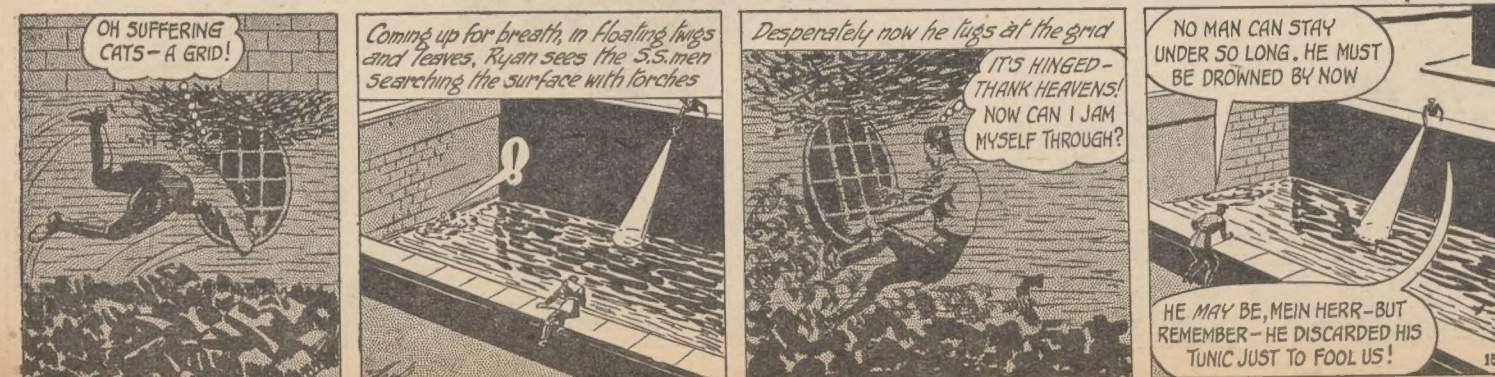
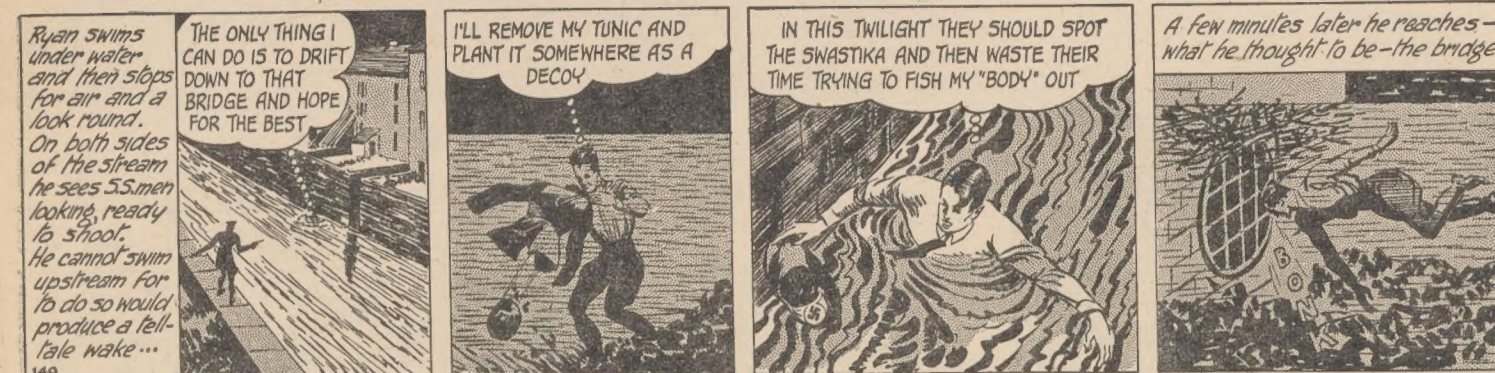
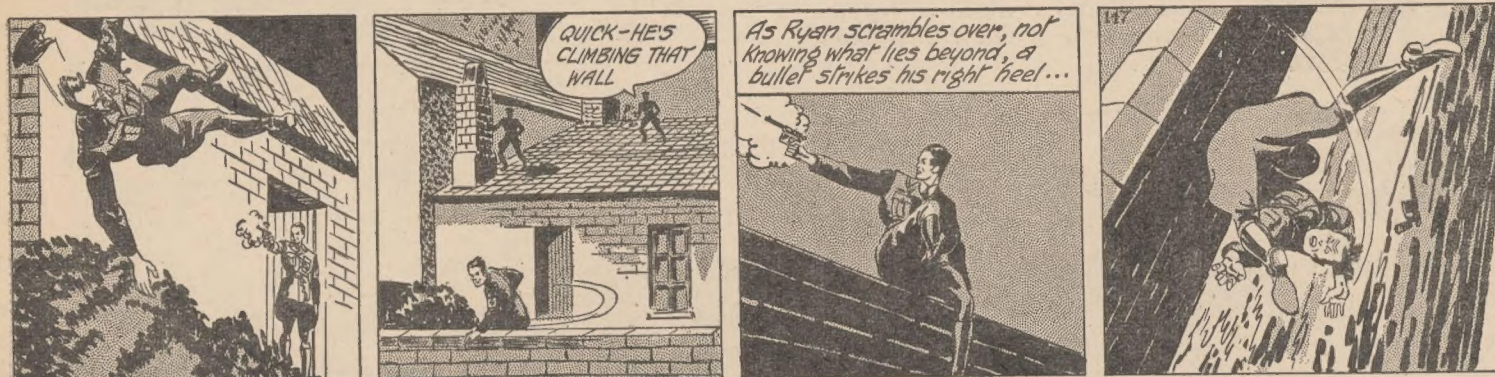


KIND people give us money to buy games, and we get together a store so that from time to time we can divvy-up on the kitty. But requests from individual submarines are always in perfect order—we'd much sooner people got what they wanted (as near as we can make it) than just get given dollops of what's going. However, at the moment, there seem to be a lot of Ludo, Tiddley Winks, Snakes and Ladders, Draughts and Cribbage Boards about. If you want any of these you're a lot more likely to get them by asking us, or wherever your next base is, than by doing nothing. A Verb to Saps, that's called.

WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's picture puzzle. Last week's was a close-up of a shoe toe-cap.

BUCK RYAN



By W. H. MILLIER

THAT Lord's cricket ground was so named because the first ground was rented from the proprietor, whose name was Lord?

THAT the initials M.C.C. stand for the Marylebone Cricket Club?

THAT Lord's and the M.C.C. were founded in 1787?

THAT the present ground is the third, and was opened in 1814?

THAT the M.C.C. secured the freehold in 1886?

THAT the Pavilion dates from 1890, and cost £21,000?

THAT cricket is undoubtedly of English origin and was played as early as the thirteenth century, when it was known as club-ball?

THAT it is fairly obvious that both cricket and rounders are offshoots of the ancient game; and baseball owes its origin to rounders?

THAT the first reference to be found of the game being known as cricket dates from 1676?

THAT the idea of a wicket came later? It started with one stump, and a second stump was added some years afterwards, when a cross-bar was introduced.

THAT the third stump, and balls in place of the cross-bar, came into existence in 1775?

THAT the distance of the wickets has remained since the earliest times, namely, one chain, or 22 yards, apart?

THAT women cyclists may catch up with some of the leading male record-breakers one of these fine days?

THAT in 1939 Miss M. Wilson accomplished a remarkable feat for a woman by riding from Land's End to John o' Groats (900 miles) in 2 days 22 hrs. 52 mins.—only 3 hrs. 2 mins. behind Harry Green's record, which stood for 29 years?

THAT in June, 1942, Miss Joyce Dean and Miss Eileen Jordan, of Croydon, set up new figures for the women's tandem record by covering 25 miles on the road in 59 mins. 27 secs.?

THAT this performance speaks well for war-time rationing?

THAT all the world's records for speed skating at the standard metric distances, bar one, are held by Norwegians?

THAT the solitary exception is the one thousand metres record, which was set up by C. Thunberg, of Finland, in 1930, at Davos? His time was 1 min. 28.4 secs.

THAT all the women's speed records are held by Norwegians?

THAT, considering the comparatively few occasions when ice skating in the open is available in England, the British records are not far behind world championship times?

THAT several of the British skating records have stood for many years?

THAT James Smart certainly lived up to his name on the ice?

THAT the three miles record, on a course which included six turns, at Cowbit Wash, was set up by Smart as far back as 1887, and still stands? His time is 9 mins. 52.2-5 secs.

THAT Smart set up the one mile (two turns) record at Lingay Fen in 1890 by covering the distance in 3 mins. 8 secs.?

THAT this time was returned by Martin Kingma, of Holland, at Lingay Fen (with three turns) in 1893?



Thunberg, of Sweden.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

A Hunting we will go!

even if the oldsters are all called up



Introducing to you eleven-year-old Anne Healey, daughter of the "Old Berkeley" Hunt.



And Tom Wiltshire introducing two of the Hunt pups



—To some cold water.



But there's breakfast even if rationing is difficult.



And you learn your manners—share and share alike.



Here we are, all ready for the hunt.



So let's go now. Yoicks. Tally-ho.



I'm getting out of this.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Suffering cats, there's a red dog after me."

